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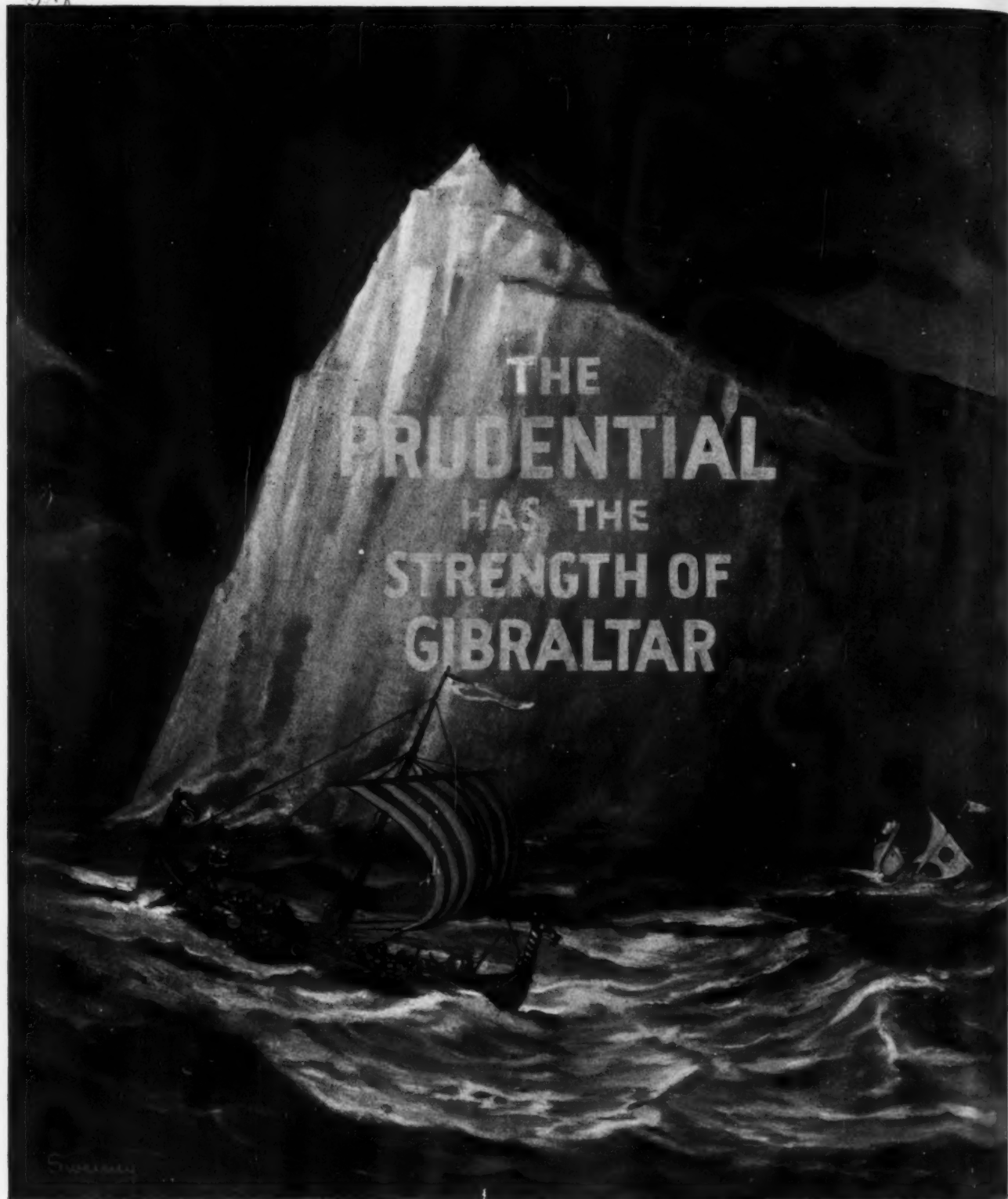
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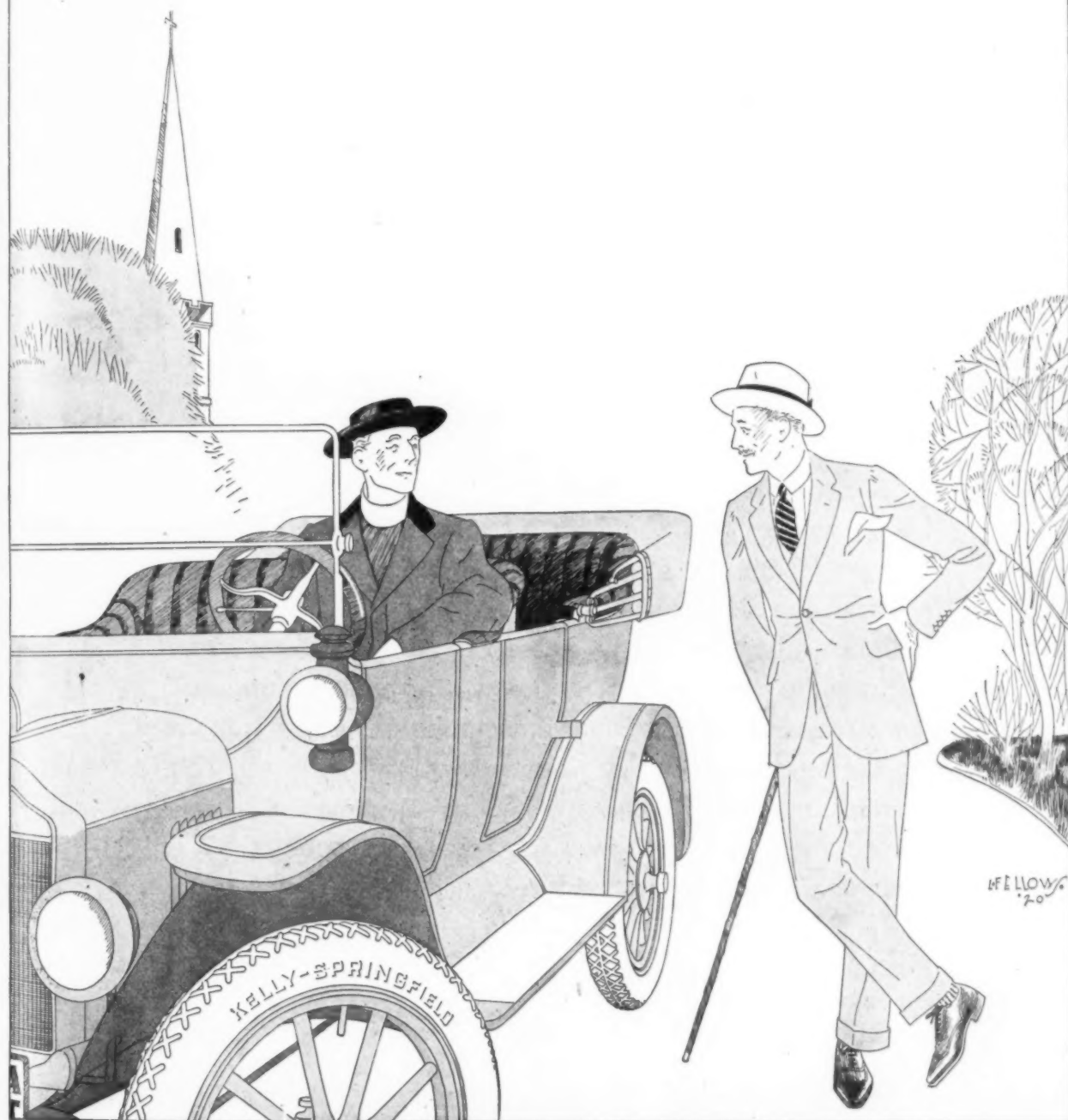


"We're Only Young Once"

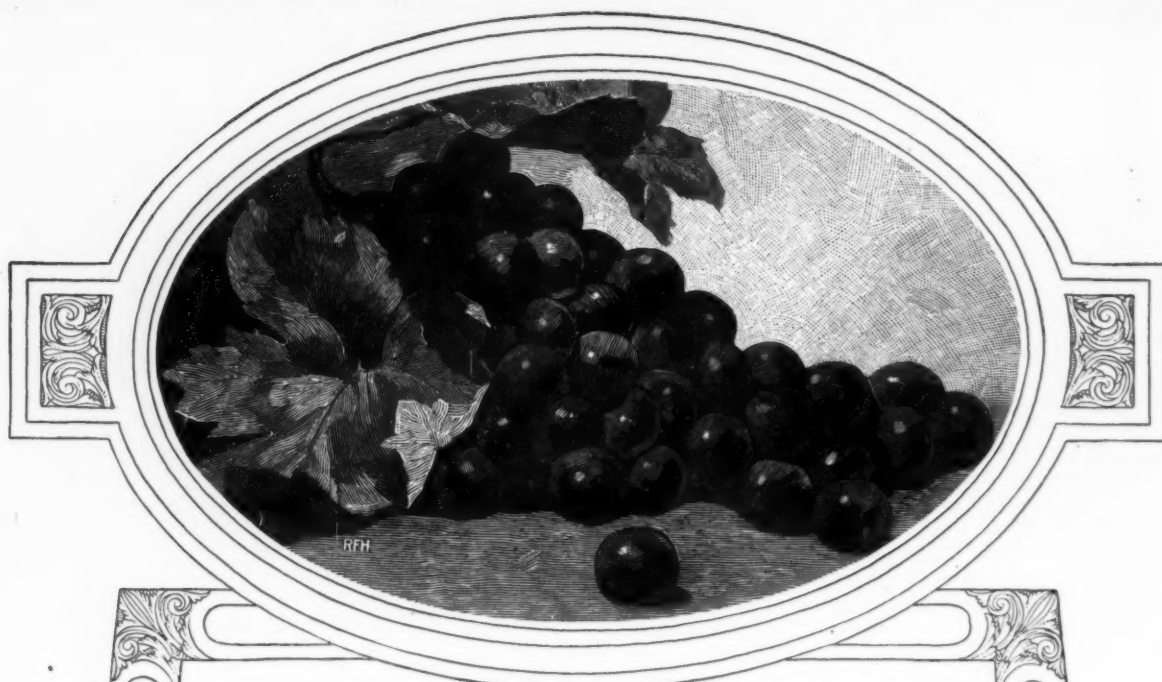


IN THE DARKNESS OF THE MIDDLE AGES THE VIKING RAIDERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MET PERIL AT EVERY TURN. IN THOSE DAYS LIFE WAS SHORT AND TERRIBLE. TODAY LIFE INSURANCE BRINGS COMFORT AND FINANCIAL PROTECTION TO MODERN CIVILIZATION.

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Life

IN THE PICTURE GALLERY

By George S. Chappell

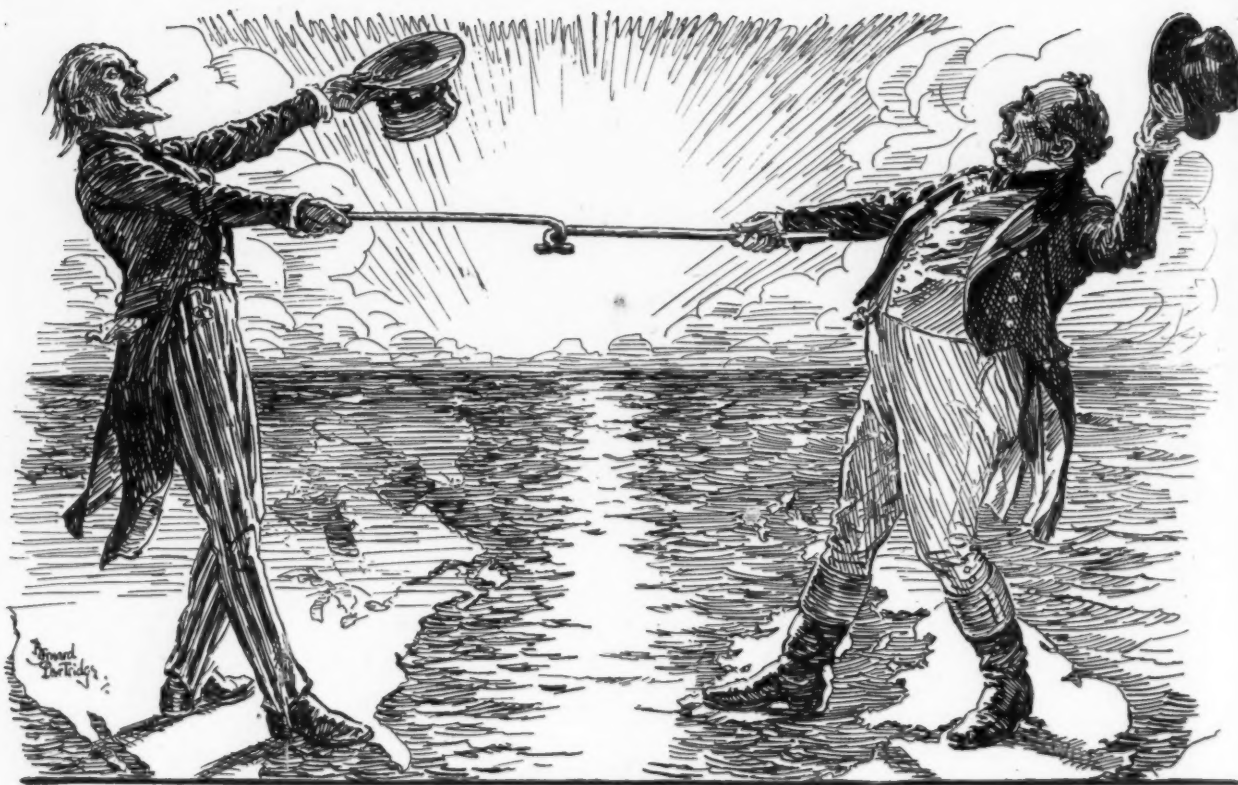
*I*N a stately Art Museum, portraits,
for a mile or more,
Hang where humble folk may see 'em,
flocking through the open door.
Very proud they are, these painted lords
and ladies, squires and dames,
With whom one may get acquainted
through the labels on their frames.

There, for instance, in that angle, Lord
Pontoon, the British peer,
Stares at Lady Dingle-dangle, as he's
done for many a year;
Here is Whackenheim, the able jurist,
in his coat of blue;
Each, you see has got his label: all are
ticketed—but two.

Two alone, but how intriguing their
anonymous estate,
Like a hyphen subtly leaguering them in
some romantic fate,
She, the "Portrait of a Lady," coyly
glancing o'er her fan
Where, from out a background shady,
smiles an "Unknown Gentleman."

Such an obvious flirtation plainly shocks
the neighbors proud;
Whackenheim, of haughty station, thinks
it should not be allowed.
In the world aristocratic manners take
the place of fun;
As for anything ecstatic—well, it simply
isn't done.

But I like to think that when the cloak
of midnight hovers o'er,
And the pictures live again, the way
they do in Ruddigore,
She, the lovely Lady Nameless, whispers
to her Lochinvar,
"Kiss me, dear; it may be shameless, but
they don't know who we are."



Crossing the Atlantic

By E. V. Lucas

With Drawing by Bernard Partridge of "Punch"

THERE can never, of course, be an Atlantic Tunnel, as there will be a Channel Tunnel; but having made the oversea voyage between America and England, I can assure timid travelers that it is very easy and in a big ship there is too steady a motion for much discomfort. The bigger the ship the less risk of seasickness; and that is why I wish that the dockyards on both sides would forget all about Dreadnoughts for a few years, if not forever, and concentrate on vessels that would carry countless hosts of English people comfortably to America and bring countless hosts of Americans comfortably to England. Because the more we exchange visits the more we shall understand each other, and the more we shall like each other and recognize that we are predestined partners. Other nations may require "Ententes," but England and America really are one, and the more often the Atlantic is crossed (always in love) the sooner will this fact be accepted.

As for that maritime adventure, it is a tremendous ordeal only to the few. Some people look upon it merely as seven days' walking, seven days' reading, seven days' cards, seven days' rest cure, or even a seven days' opportunity to meditate, or to clear up correspondence; while I met recently in London an American and an Englishman lunching together who took it more lightly still and crossed the Atlantic merely to eat.

"I go to America every year," said the Englishman, "to eat soft-shell crabs."

"And I come to England every year," said the American, "to eat whitebait."

I don't say that their ideals are of the noblest; but it struck me as a very interesting thing that the perils and costliness and disquietudes of the ocean should mean so little to these citizens of the world that they each look upon those thousands of miles of salt water merely as a kind of ante-room to a restaurant—the one reducing the vast continent of North

America to "Uncle Sam's Chowder Parlor," so to speak, and the other thinking of Great Britain, with all its history and traditions, merely as "John Bull's Fish Saloon."

Personally, although I should never cross the Atlantic solely to eat them, it would be of the cherry-stone clams that were awaiting me on stabilized soil that I should be thinking longingly when the waves were at their angriest. The soft-shelled crab is a delicious creature, but I set the clam higher, whether he has a cherry stone or a little neck; possibly because he is eaten with horse-radish sauce, and in England no restaurant any more serves this pungent delicacy automatically, nor can any restaurant any more make it rightly. But in America it is always good and always within reach. It was not the least of my surprises in America to find that it was the true home of the traditional but vanished concomitant of the Roast Beef of Old England.

I SHOULD FIND
A BITE HERE

NOTHING
DOING

I CAN SLEEP IF
I DON'T EAT



OH, LOOK
WHO'S HERE?



YUM-M.
YUM!!



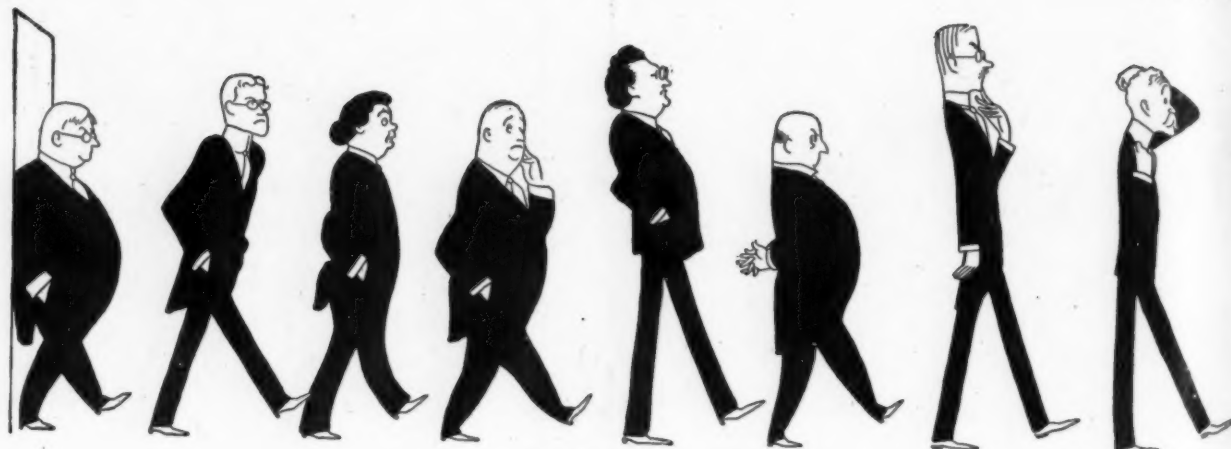
— AND MOTHER SAYS
I MAY KEEP YOU



"AH, DO NOT WAKE ME,
LET ME DREAM AGAIN"

Drawn by ROBERT DICKEY.

Oh, It's Great When Your Dreams Come True!



PRESENTLY THEY FILED OUT, ONE BY ONE.

Sounder Gives a Thought

LIFE'S Famous Correspondent Yields to None in This Particular

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Since the close of Congress on March 3, I have been doing a good deal of thinking, which is something I have not the time to do when the Senate is sitting. Even now the demands on my time are heavy, but by carefully systematizing my day I can devote the hours from 10 to 11 in the morning and from 2 to 3 in the afternoon to thought; that is as much as any man who has a proper regard for his health ought to undertake.

In the whole history of the country there has never been a time when there was so much to think about. For example, the question of how to find jobs for Republican office-seekers, when we have promised to cut down the government payroll, requires serious consideration, and so, too, does the question of whom to blame for the country's troubles now that Mr. Wilson has retired.

At first I was frankly bewildered to know what to put my mind on. But I have lately worked out a little card system that works fairly well, and that besides puts a little sporting element into an otherwise dry occupation. Thus one day I may draw "disarmament" as the topic for my hour of thought; and the next day I may get a comparatively easy subject, as "What are the blessings of normalcy?"

One of the things on which I have been putting my mind is the relation of President Harding to the Senate. In spite of his plea for harmony and agreement there have been some disquieting signs that he does not always intend to agree with the Senate, or to keep himself in harmony with its ideas.

Take the matter of his inauguration. We were bungling the arrangements perfectly; there was even a prospect that we could make an Issue of it and carry it over into the next session as unfinished business. But Mr. Harding straightened the whole matter

out by declaring himself for a cheap inauguration. If our friendly relations are to continue he must remember that it is the Senate's inalienable and constitutional right to bungle.

In certain other matters too he has shown a disposition to act without the advice of the Senate, and in a few flagrant cases contrary to it. Now I am a plain, blunt man. In playing a game, whether it be croquet or politics, I believe in having the cards on the table. Accordingly, I decided to put it up to the President himself. The country is entitled to know whether he is going to run his own job, or whether the Senate is.

Eager to settle the matter, I hurried over to the White House. To my surprise, I learned that the other leaders of the Senate—Senators Lodge, Smoot, Knox, Watson, Brandegee, Borah, Moses and Johnson—were already in consultation with him, and it did not take great detective work on my part to guess that they were propounding the same question that I had come to propound. Presently they filed out one by one, and after seeing the look on their faces I decided not to press my own inquiry. I am disappointed in Mr. Harding.

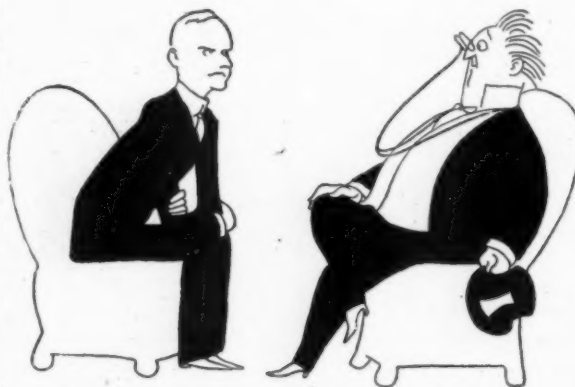
I am also disappointed in the Vice-President. On my return from the White House I dropped in to see Mr. Coolidge, and for an hour or more had a rather agreeable time explaining to him my attitude on various questions. When I drew breath Mr. Coolidge remarked: "I understand Senator Johnson has suggested that senators instead of being paid a uniform salary, be paid according to the service they render."

I observed that I considered it a rather good suggestion.

"And under those conditions, my dear Senator," the Vice-President went on, "how would you make your living?"

I do not wish to reflect on the intelligence of the man, but to me, at any rate, the remark just does not make sense.

Senator Sounder.



"AND UNDER THOSE CONDITIONS, MY DEAR SENATOR, HOW WOULD YOU MAKE YOUR LIVING?"



Unfamiliar Anniversaries—No. 3.

By TENGGREN

Diogenes Meets Alexander the Great

TWENTY-TWO hundred and thirty-two years ago to-day, Alexander the Great called upon Diogenes, the philosopher, and inquired if he might do him a service. In reply to the eminent conqueror's polite overture, the cantankerous cynic asseverated that he would consider it a clubby bit of activity if he (Alexander) would remove his stuck-up configuration from between him (Diogenes) and the noonday sun.

Up to this date, that was the freshest remark ever made to a ruler, and since then many subjects have suffered permanent

divorces from their identities for saying much pleasanter things to various kings.

It is rather difficult to account for Alexander's commendable restraint. He probably thought to himself: "What will H. G. Wells say, if he ever finds out that I've curtailed the career of this philosophic old hick? Heaven knows, I'm in bad with him already. Perhaps I'd better let Diogenes get away with it."

Owing to the exorbitant price of maintenance in Corinth, and personal habits which rendered appropriate such a residence, Diogenes lived in a tub.



Drawn by ROLLIN KIRBY.

All at Sea

"Keep This Space Clear"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ARE you tired of scenery as scenery? Have you exhausted the beauties of nature as a spectacle? Do you get no spiritual reaction from snow-capped mountains in the setting sun? Do you reckon the eternal hills in terms of gas, oil and tire consumption? Then make a motor tour of Southern California. You've no idea how much the effect of a sunset is heightened for the jaded tourist by the knowledge that in pausing at the edge of the coast road by the wide Pacific while the horizon is filled with glorious tints of rose and purple, Traffic Officer Cyrus M. Jones is liable to appear at any moment with a summons for violating Section 476 Sub-section D of the Revised Ordinances of the City of Santa Monica, returnable before Police Justice Wilson on the following morning. The fine won't be much—say ten dollars—money well spent, and when you reckon the spin down to Santa Monica in the brisk morning air along the Seaside Boulevard, especially if Motor Cycle Policeman Henry J. Studdeford is laying for you and hands you a ticket requiring you to appear that afternoon in the Municipal Court of the City of Los Angeles for an infraction of Article 22 Section 511 of the Motor Vehicle Law of the State of California.

Then again there is the Foothill Drive in the City of Pasadena, a municipality which possesses some of the most amazing scenic views and traffic regulations of the Golden State, if not the United States of America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceanica. Between four and six in the afternoon the peaks of the coast range glow magnificently in the rays of the setting sun and it is unlawful for any person in charge of any motor vehicle to park such motor vehicle or to allow such motor vehicle to remain standing under Ordinance 1877 of the City of Pasadena amending Ordinance No. 1346 Relating to Traffic and the Use of Streets. In gazing upon this remarkable scene, nobody will begrudge Police Justice James J. James the nominal penalty of five dollars and costs, which he will inflict after Motor Cycle Policeman Kennedy has been duly sworn as the complaining witness, at the City Hall in said City on the following day at nine o'clock in the forenoon thereof or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

Of interest to the Eastern tourist in California are the extensive oil fields near the Puente Hills, which may be seen from the Whittier Boulevard in violation of Section 31416 of the Laws and Ordinances of the City of Whittier, relating to the operation of automobiles and motor cycles within the city limits of said city. Section 89D will serve to cover your trip over the Turnbull Canyon. When you pause upon its summit, there will be spread before you over fifty square miles of citrus orchards and a summons to appear before Police Justice Le-

ander Watson in the Magistrates Court of the City of Whittier in that you did unlawfully and against the statute in such case made and provided and the peace and dignity of the State of California leave a motor vehicle with the engine running upon a street or highway of the said City, to wit: Turnbull Canyon Road. It is one of the finest prospects on the entire Pacific Coast and quite worth stopping to see, even though stopping is punishable by imprisonment in the County Jail of the County of Los Angeles for not more than thirty days and a fine of fifty dollars or both.

You will not care to miss the Orange Fair held annually in the City of San Bernardino. Motor tourists gather there from all parts of the Pacific Slope to witness the attractions and violate the ordi-

nances of what is so aptly called the Orange City. Every provision is made for this unusual influx of visitors. Extra motor cycle policemen are appointed and the regular police justices, assisted by police justices from Redlands, Riverside and Pomona, sit day and night ordering, adjudging and decreeing that the said defendants be and the same are hereby fined ten dollars and upward together with the costs and disbursements of the said proceeding.

Of course, these examples do not begin to exhaust the motor-ing possibilities of Southern California. One might spend several months in the neighborhood of Santa Barbara alone, exploring the wonderful drives around Montecito, where it is unlawful for any person to operate any motor or other vehicle upon any highway at a rate of speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the traffic and use of the highway or so as to endanger the life and limb of any person.



BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE

In Jersey a singer named Jane
Had a voice they could hear down in Maine.
Her cat threw a fit,
And the furniture split,
And the chandelier twisted with pain.



"I'VE GOT A PIECE OF TAFFY FOR YE IN ME POCKET, KITTY, BUT I CAN'T GET IT OUT. GUESS I STOOD TOO CLOSE TO THE RADIATOR."

You cannot imagine how wonderful a drive may become when in the discretion of a motor cycle policeman, five miles an hour may be deemed a rate of speed greater than is reasonable and proper.

Just a word as to the cost of a motor tour in Southern California. Much depends upon the tourist himself. From ten to twenty dollars a day may be reckoned as a fair average for the motorist of ordinary means—although this estimate may be sensibly reduced by talking back to the judge and not getting the option of a fine. Hotel expenses and the cost of gas, oil and tires are of course not included. Should the tourist keep his car in California longer than three months, it will be assessed as personal property by the local authorities and a tax bill forwarded to the tourist at his Eastern address. Then, if the car is no longer in the State and the tourist has no other personal property there, it is recommended that he re-

turn the bill to the local authorities with an insulting letter. This may be done by praising the climate of Florida and referring to the San Francisco earthquake as an earthquake and not a fire, or better still, let me write the letter. I would enjoy doing it.

Cum Laude

POLITICAL BOSS: So you wish to enter politics, madam. What are your qualifications?

LADY APPLICANT: Well, I have served three terms as a member of the Board of Education.

At Present

THE ELDER: Never forget your ideals as you travel through life.

THE YOUTH: What are ideals?

"CAN your wife sing?"
"No; but she does."

Song of the Desert

OH, why should the spirit of mortal
 Be more than eight dollars a quart,
 While bootleggers snicker and chortle
 And officers drag us to court?

A cocktail costs more than a Bible;
 A snifter costs more than a hat.
 The price of the ginger-ale highb'll
 Is making the profiteers fat.

They say the old times are returning,
 That wiggle and wobble are dead,
 Yet, daily, in spite of our yearning,
 Buns grow more expensive than bread.

R. S. T.

Straws

TED: Things are gradually getting back to normal.

NED: There's no doubt of it. The waiters once more thank you for a quarter tip.

L I F E



L I N E S

EVERY time the clock ticks a dollar comes to John D. Rockefeller. It pays to keep a clock well oiled.

* * *

English misrule in Ireland is only equalled by Irish misrule in New York.

* * *

We can't have peace at any price so long as the pacifists keep on fighting.

* * *

President Harding has a well-deserved reputation for kindness, but he's the first of our executives to compel the Vice-President to do a bit of work now and again.

* * *

In Russia it takes several wheelbarrow loads of paper money to buy a wheelbarrow. Outside of this condition, Bolshevism seems to have been a grand success, financially and industrially.

* * *

It's pleasant to mail a letter with the reflection that where there's a Will Hays there's a way.

* * *

The man who tries to hide behind a woman's skirt these days wouldn't get very far.

* * *

The European powers would like to know if they overrated Uncle Sam as a promising young man.

* * *

"Take good care of the mint," urges ex-President Wilson. He always liked the South.

* * *

Reparation without taxation seems to be the German idea.

* * *

FOGABALLAD.

Some call it Sin Fine, and some speak of Shin Fane,

And all of 'em talk by the hour;
But whether it's Shin, or whether it's Sin,
There's none of 'em mention just where
we come in

On the private affairs of a Power.

* * *

The courts appear to hold that stealing liquor is no crime. But it's a most unneighborly act.

The vagaries of daylight-saving legislation render it impossible for anybody but a lawyer and mathematician combined to take time by the forelock.

* * *

Uncle Sam measures about five billions all around the waste.

* * *

He's a wise novelist who knows his own screen child.



"NO, TILLIE, NO MORE PIE. YOU'VE HAD TWO PIECES ALREADY."

"BUT, GRAN'MA, I'VE GOT LOTS O' ROOM LEFT."

Taxing excess profits at present is like tapping a vacuum for a drink.

* * *

Magazine stories about triumphant Cave Men are written by small, bald, henpecked gentlemen with pale, discouraged whiskers.

* * *

A sculptor in Boston was recently fined \$10 for carving a statue on Sunday. If he had been carving a turkey it would have cost him still more.

* * *

Speak well of your enemies. Remember you made them.

DIPLOMACY.

Drink to me only with thy lies,
And I will hedge with mine,
And leave my quibble in the cup
To counter one of thine.

* * *

The real reason that a man swears at a dull razor is because the d— thing loses its temper first.

* * *

Even the most fanatical dry must admit that we should multiply the bars at Ellis Island.

* * *

Burleson is said to be the only retired Cabinet officer who will not write a book. It must be admitted that nature did not design him for a man of letters.

* * *

Gabriele d'Annunzio is always making trouble for his neighbors. He has just married an Italian pianiste.

* * *

A British girl, heiress to some two hundred million dollars, recently read a twenty-line poem by an obscure bard in Greenwich Village, and was so greatly impressed that she proceeded to marry him.

This is the first time that a poet has been known to receive ten million dollars a line for his verse.

* * *

It's called the middle class because it's between the Devil and the deep sea.

* * *

Testimony is conflicting regarding the present industry of the German people, but there's no doubt that a part of the Fatherland is thoroughly occupied.

* * *

IT BEATS THE DEVIL.

The devil he sent a wicked wind
To blow the skirts knee-high,
But the skirts were already up to the knee
And nobody batted an eye.

* * *

The New York *Tribune* wishes to revive "the reading of Rabelais." Why? It's hard enough to dodge the divorce stories in the daily press.



Dorothy's Aunt (to her grandmother): I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO IS VERY V-A-I-N.
Dorothy: I KNOW WHAT V-A-I-N SPELLS. IT SPELLS PRETTY!

That Little "Flock"

THERE were twelve of a congregation:

One had gone for a walk,
 And thought to find it restful;
 One had been fetched by his wife,
 And heard not the Gospel gladly;
 Two were beginning lovers,
 And one was hire! for espial.
 One had come for a nap;
 He loved the rolling of syllables,
 So like the rain on the roof,
 Lulling to sleep in childhood.
 Two were there to strengthen
 The minister's orthodoxy—
 Theirs was a sleepless vigil.
 One but sought to be warm:
 An usher was watching him darkly;
 And one took pains to exhibit
 The latest Paris "creation."
 And one old-fashioned person
 Had actually come to worship!
 There were twelve for a congregation.

R. E. Alexander.



"THERE! IF YOU HADN'T SPENT SO MUCH TIME DECIDING
 WHICH HAT TO WEAR WE WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT."



APRIL 14, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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TWO fine
 old men
 have died—
 Cardinal

Gibbons, in his 87th year, and John Burroughs, in his 84th. Everyone who takes notice has known more or less about both of them as long as he can remember, and nothing but good of either. They were both in a way practitioners in the same employment—seekers after God in his world. The Cardinal sought and cherished the divine element in man. John Burroughs traced the mind of the Creator in the birds and wild creatures and all the animals. Man is full of mysteries, but being men we think we understand him better than the mystery of the animals, for they are full of it, too. What they are, and how they came so, is still very imperfectly understood. John Burroughs loved to observe them, record the facts that he noticed, speculate about their powers—what they had, how they lived and what for. Whoever studies nature is in a way studying religion, for the animals and man are part of the same creation and examples of the workings of the same mind.

John Burroughs liked imaginative men—men that could see something beyond the daily task. He was a friend of Col. Roosevelt, a great friend of John Muir, a naturalist like himself, and of late years the companions of his camping expeditions were Edison, Henry Ford, Hiram Maxim and Harvey Firestone, all very notable men of affairs, but equally notable men of imagination. All these men are students of life and of everything that contributes to it.

And so undoubtedly was Cardinal Gibbons. His study was the soul of man and he seemed to have become highly proficient in it. He was full of knowledge and wisdom and grace. He was gentle, he was urbane, but strong in the faith and

constant to his conclusions about it. He lived to be the leading clergyman of the United States. Thousands not of his communion thought of him as a great Christian leader—thought of him with respect and affection and with confidence in his character and his spiritual leadings. His life was happy. He was very cheerful. He feared nothing. One thought of him as a man on whom vanity had no claim, who cared nothing for power except as the means of service, nor for applause except as it helped his work.



HOW extraordinary, and how very gruesome, were those tales of peonage murders in Georgia! They recall the negro problem which in a world oversupplied for the moment with great problems, had been for a year or two reposing on the back seat. It looks as though all the current problems of the world would have to be settled together. We cannot think of them separately. Civilization is sick and we have to think of the whole patient at once. To cure his toe, or stop his stomachache, or correct his eyesight is not enough. All those things might be done and leave him still deathly sick. We want to cure him and have his detailed ailments come right incidentally and in turn, as consequences of his cure. One of the chief troubles is that of Ireland. It seems as though Ireland could surely come right if she were to be wisely handled, but even Ireland is difficult to disconnect either from the rest of Europe, or from the United States. Politics ties her up to the troubles of Europe. Politics continues to make her a cause of disturbance here. So it is with England, with France, with Germany, with most of the countries in Eu-

rope. Treatment in detail does not seem likely to do the job. What seems to be needed is a policy and a co-operation that will apply to all the nations.

And how soon such a policy can be devised and will work is a question that no one can answer. Perhaps relief and restoration will not come in that way at all but simply by individual effort—by every people for a time raising its own food as near as it can and living by the work of its own hands. The French won't starve to death—not while they have land and water and sunshine; neither will the English; neither will the Germans nor the Italians, nor in the long run the Russians; but if every country is to raise potatoes in its own back yard and live on those potatoes, that kind of an existence is not going to be good for trade, and trade is what these States want and without which they cannot have anything at all agreeable to their own ideas of prosperity.



THERE has been a great discussion in the papers of Mr. Lansing's book. The author has accomplished something; at least he has sold some goods and found employment that must have been agreeable as a contributor to periodicals. People have been interested in what he had to say, and his observations and reflections have been widely diffused. The resulting impression is that Mr. Lansing was always out of place in the official family of the late administration. He had no connection with the star that that administration had hitched its wagon to. He understood the old order and liked it, and in that order he was a fairly skillful operator. In the new order he was not interested and had no confidence, and his book tells about the trials and the struggles of a man who be-



Citizen: YOU CAN'T STOP 'EM WITH THAT OLD GUN, CONGRESS.

lieved in the old apparatus and preferred to stick to it, but was curiously projected into a prominent place in an effort to run the world in a new way.

It would seem that Mr. Lansing's case was not so very different from Mr. Garrison's. Mr. Garrison also belonged to the old order and was a creditable operative in it. He seemed to lack faith in the new freedom and in operations to attain it. So Mr. Garrison in due time disconnected himself from the administration which he did not spiritually belong to, thereby losing the opportunity to be Secretary of War in wartime—a practical job which he would probably have liked and in which he might have won distinction. But Mr. Lansing, pleased, perhaps, to be the holder of a great office, stuck to it in spite of everything, working always pretty steadily against the purposes which the administration he belonged to had in view.

The people like Dr. Butler, who like the old order, extolled Mr. Lansing's book, and people of the other disposition, who think the world has got to have a new deal, smiled at it and thought that Mr.

Lansing should have gotten out while the going was good instead of waiting until his departure was painful.



CAPTAIN RUMSEY'S statue, "The Pagan," which has been so much discussed, and is now in the exhibition of the Architectural League, is a human female, unclad, and presumably unencumbered with the scruples that derive from religion. Some first-rate sculptors like MacMonnies and Paul Manship said it was a work of great merit and eminently fit to be seen, but the majority of the exhibition committee considered it "undesirable for our exhibition." The experts being thus divided, it is a good chance for the public to discover its own impressions and try to clarify its ideas about what is proper, and what is not, in sculpture.

There are a lot of pictures and a lot of sculptures which everybody will admit are decent, and there might be another lot as

to which a contrary opinion would be equally general. Between those two groups is the debatable ground in the front of which is now located this interesting Pagan. Is she then an exhibition, or just a disturbance?



THE *Congregationalist* is opposed to Colonel Harvey as an Ambassador to England and thinks that Nicholas Murray Butler, or President Lowell, of Harvard, would be "more representative of the culture and idealism of America."

If it should come to be a choice between idealists there would be many who would prefer Colonel Harvey to Dr. Butler, but neither Dr. Butler nor Dr. Lowell has been spoken of as a possible Ambassador. The other gentlemen considered by the newspaper correspondents for that place have been Frank Andrew Munsey, magazine and newspaper proprietor, and General Cornelius Vanderbilt. Nobody ought to reject Colonel Harvey without knowing the alternative.

E. S. Martin.

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People We Can Get Along

X

THE COUPLE WHO COME AND SPEND THE EVENING



an Go Along Without

X
END THE EVENING THE DAY YOU MOVE IN



Rustlings of Spring

IN the current edition of the circus now at Madison Square Garden one is chiefly impressed by the dispirited behavior of the elephants. The combination of world conditions and the theatrical slump seems to have depressed them.

They dance, it is true, but not with the same snap and verve that used to mark their performance. "Doris," the *première danseuse* of the troupe, goes through the formal motions of the one-step, and although she is much better at it than her trainer, her mind is quite obviously not on her work. Love might perhaps be at the bottom of this individual abstraction, but certainly the entire group of what are known in the patois of the circus as "performing pachyderms," cannot have fallen in love all at once, and the air of detachment appears general. It simply must be listed among the emotional reactions indicative of the great unrest which is sweeping the world.

It is gratifying to note, however, that at the climax of one of the stupendous group formations, the top elephant unfurls the Stars and Stripes, thereby putting the whole troupe on record as one hundred per cent. American. It would be a terrible thing if the performing pachyderm element in the country were to go red.



ASIDE from the elephants, the circus seems about the same.

There is this year, however, no magnificent introductory pageant depicting the triumphal entry of Nebuchadnezzar into Tyre (I know he didn't), but the entire company marches around the arena once, which is about all you could ask. Neither is there any single snashing, nerve-racking feature in which a man on a bicycle drops from the top of a tower into a basin of water. The omission of these departments is doubtless due to the general return to normalcy counselled by our new President (his name has slipped me for the moment).

The chief performer, for whom the arena is cleared and the lights lowered, and in whose behalf the drummer rolls an awe-inspiring prelude, is "Mlle. Leitzel, Queen of Aerial Gymnasts, who will amaze you with her wonderful feats of strength and endurance. Suspended at dizzy heights, this Miniature Marvel of the Air breaks every law of gravity, casting her body over her own shoulders scores of times without pause!"

That's right. She does it. That is, she casts her body over her own shoulders scores of times without pause. Just how many of the laws of gravity this violates will have to be judged by someone who knows how many different laws of gravity there are. One is all that comes to mind just at this moment, and Mlle. Leitzel avoids breaking the letter of this, whatever she does to its spirit, by always managing to keep a tight hold on something or other.

And, after all, when you have cast your body over your own shoulders scores of times without pause, what has been gained

by it? You simply have cast your body over your shoulders scores of times without pause, and then you trip lightly to your dressing room. Of course, Mlle. Leitzel incidentally collects a substantial check from the P. T. Barnum estate, which must in part make up to her for the comparative futility of her calling in the great march of the world's progress.



OTHERS of the more unimportant features are the wood-chopping contest and the living statuary. In the wood-chopping contest two men, evidently representing Harvard and Yale respectively, chop through the trunks of two large trees at what is probably high speed in tree-chopping circles. As a contest, however, it lacks a certain variety essential to keeping the spectators on their toes. And although Harvard's generalship and skillful chopping finally overcame the bull-dog grit and moral earnestness of Yale, there was a suspicion, as there always is in contests which are a part of a nightly program, that the choppers were really good friends after all and that the affair was fixed beforehand.

The living statuary has not changed much in all these decades, and the participants, grown white in the service, still give startlingly unreal representations of the more prominent seasons of the year. The group entitled "Spring" has been made doubly effective this time by the insertion of multi-colored electric lights in the vegetables and fruits; and according to the program the center group contains Miss Ena Claren, "known throughout Europe as the Perfect Venus." With all that Europe has on its mind to-day, this is no small distinction.

The way to go to the circus, however, is with someone who has seen perhaps one theatrical performance before in his life and that in the High School hall. In such company you gradually find yourselves marveling in unison that a man can even stand up on a moving horse's back and gasping at the very idea of a woman swinging in the most elementary maneuvers from a trapeze. The scales of sophistication are struck from your eyes and you see in the circus a gathering of men and women who are able to do things as a matter of course which you couldn't do if your life depended on it. And that's a rather salutary experience every once in a while. It keeps you in your place.



THERE is something about "It's Up to You," the latest musical comedy to move into the Casino Theatre, that keeps you constantly hoping that it is going to be better in a minute. When it is all over, you feel that maybe it will be better to-morrow night.

Charles King does the male singing and creates the good impression. Every once in a while, Douglas Leavitt is a little funny. That's about all that you can take home with you, except for the novel idea of a man with his body gilded who does a dance which, if it were to be handled by Cleveland Bronner or Mr. Ziegfeld in a proper setting, would be a most effective feature.

In fact, when Charles King comes on in the first act, saying loudly to Lila Rhodes, "I don't care what you say, I'm going to ask your mother's consent to our wedding to-night," you guess what kind of show it is going to be. And you are right.

Robert C. Benchley.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

"The Bat." Morosco.—A good wholesome crime melodrama.

"Clair de Lune." Empire.—To be reviewed later.

"Deburau." Belasco.—Lionel Atwill in a poetic drama of theatrical life in the Paris of 1840. Notable chiefly in its production.

"The Emperor Jones." Princess.—Terror vividly portrayed in powerful acting by Charles Gilpin.

"The Green Goddess." Booth.—George Arliss and Winthrop Ames combining to make all the old melodramatic gags as thrilling as they were in the days of James K. Polk.

"In the Night Watch." Century.—A spectacular naval engagement which would have been hot stuff before the movies discovered real water and real ships.

"Mary Stuart." Ritz.—A remarkably sharp etching by John Drinkwater of a scene in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots.

"Miss Lulu Bett." Belmont.—Human nature in its debut on the stage.

"Romance." Playhouse.—Doris Keane continuing in her phenomenal success of four seasons.

"Spanish Love." Maxine Elliott's.—In which the bantamweight courtship of Andalusia is settled once and for all.

"Survival of the Fittest." Greenwich Village.—To be reviewed later.

"The Woman of Bronze." Frazee.—One of those French triangle dramas transformed into something real by Margaret Anglin.

Comedy and Things Like That

"The Bad Man." Comedy.—Holbrook Blinn presents a delightful solution of the Mexican border problem.

"The Broken Wing." Forty-Eighth St.—An interesting mixture of popular ingredients, such as amnesia and ingenue broken-English, with a realistic airplane smash just to make it harder.

"The Champion." Longacre.—Grant Mitchell as the saving feature of an otherwise banal but infallible laugh-getter.

"Dear Me." Republic.—"The surest way to be happy yourself is to make others happy." It's that kind of play, and Hale Hamilton and Grace La Rue are in it.

"Enter Madame." Fulton.—Gilda Varesi in a delightful comedy showing the home life, such as it is, of a prima donna.

"The First Year." Little.—A play into which Frank Craven has put all the unimportant things that ever happened in anyone's family circle, with hilarious effect.

"The Ghost Between." Thirty-Ninth St.—A mixture of tragedy, farce and light comedy which didn't quite jell. Through no fault of Arthur Byron's, however.

"The Gold Diggers." Lyceum.—Ina Claire in a highly successful play dealing with chorus-girl life.

"Ladies' Night." Eltinge.—The hand-writing on the fence.

"Lightnin'." Gaiety.—The rumor that this comedy was to leave New York in another year has been denied.

"Little Old New York." Plymouth.—An extremely pleasant glance back into the Manhattan of 1810.

"Mr. Pim Passes By." Garrick.—Laura Hope Crewes infusing life into a little English comedy which would be nicely amusing anyway.

"Nice People." Klaw.—The regeneration of a flapper who becomes good at the expense of the dramatic interest.

"Peg o' My Heart." Cort.—Laurette Taylor and Michael back again.

"Rollo's Wild Oat." Punch and Judy.—A Clare Kummer delicacy served to order by Roland Young.

"The Tavern." George M. Cohan.—Arnold Daly in the greatest burlesque of modern times.

"Three Live Ghosts." Nora Bayes.—A post-war play which is amusing enough to survive the post-war reaction.

"Toto." Bijou.—Leo Ditrichstein as Leo Ditrichstein, in a Frenchy thing which doesn't matter.

"Wake Up, Jonathan." Henry Miller.—Not a play in which you would expect to find Mrs. Fiske, but we must take her whenever we can get her.

"Welcome Stranger." Sam H. Harris.—Rather cheap but interesting presentation of race prejudice in a New England town.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

"Blue Eyes." Shubert.—Lew Fields does all he can.

"Century Midnight Rounders." Century Roof.—It takes more than this to keep us awake after one A.M.

"Good Times." Hippodrome.—Well, there are elephants, and diving girls, and Joe Jackson—and everything.

"Irene." Vanderbilt.—Now holds the long-distance record for musical comedies.

"It's Up to You." Casino.—Reviewed in this issue.

"Lady Billy." Liberty.—Mitzi yodles and dances and is very fresh, much to the delight of her large following.

"Love Birds." Apollo.—Rooney and Bent in what ought to be a vaudeville act.

"Mary." Knickerbocker.—High-speed musical comedy with good singing and dancing.

"Passing Show of 1921." Winter Garden.—Willie Howard and Marie Dressler for fun (if you think and an extraordinary ballet for jaded eyes).

"The Right Girl." Times Square.—Something about a love affair and prohibition, with songs to match. Difficult to remember.

"The Rose Girl." Ambassador.—Lopokova does a dance and the chorus take their parts well. That's about all.

"Sally." New Amsterdam.—Leon Errol and Marilyn Miller. You can't do any better in town.

"Tip-Top." Globe.—Unless, perhaps, it's here, with Fred Stone, the Six Brown Brothers and the Duncan Sisters.



LAURA HOPE CREWES IN "MR. PIM PASSES BY."



The Latest Books

SEVEN MEN (Knopf). Max Beerbohm is a conjurer who can take intellectual rabbits out of literary top hats with a dazzling deftness. For that reason he is supposed to be more difficult to read than Zane Grey or Robert W. Chambers. Take our word for it, he isn't. In *Seven Men*, he tells the secret sorrows of six unusual contemporaries with a healthy preciousity that reaches a giddy summit in a burlesque of the neo-Elizabethan play. Equal parts of a delightful humor, a keen sophistication and a perfect control of his mediums make Beerbohm a strong tonic for anyone who wants to be happy though percipient.

THE CORDS OF VANITY (McBride). Robert Etheridge Townsend, who couldn't grow up, and his progressive love affairs. James Branch Cabell, the author, leaves Townsend at the age of twenty-six, a willing martyr to the one woman who understands his weakness. Another bit of cloisonné by this dean of the tongue-in-cheek school that doesn't ring true. Perhaps Mr. Cabell relies too much upon brass as his base.

ROAMING THROUGH THE WEST INDIES (Century). A thorough, unsentimental observer and a conscientious, accurate recorder, Harry A. Franck has set down the color, the abundant if not vigorous life, and the dubious charm of the semi-tropics

in his deservedly popular way. Taking with him a "newly-acquired wife," and making this voyage essentially not a walking trip, the poetry of his vagabond days has given way to a maturer deliberation and a more prosaic spell. If the book gains in discernment, it loses in adventure. Many persons will enjoy *Roaming Through the West Indies*, but some of us may think that Franck talks better on his feet.

ENTER MADAME (Putnam). If you can't see the play, the next best thing to do is to read the book. If you can do both, you are twice blessed. You really ought to do one or the other. Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne have written a comedy of a volatile, dashing, tempestuous opera star, her bizarre entourage and her long-suffering, cynically rebellious husband that has all the surprise and freshness of a fruiterer's *bon voyage* basket. Barley-sugar foreword by Alexander Woolcott.

THE GOLDEN SCORPION (McBride). A distracting extract of vanillany. Without over-emphasizing any one character, Sax Rohmer has involved a British doctor, a French detective, an Egyptian beauty and a Chinese terror in a malevolent plot which develops several new horrors. Like *The Green Eyes of Bast*, this story is absolutely not to be read in a cold room.

AN AMERICAN'S LONDON (Harper). "Defective side-lights on English living" is how Louise Closser Hale describes her own scintillating sketches. The adjective must be decried immediately. Side-lights they are, with beams of sympathy and humor, unerringly trained on demobbed London and the problems of living therein. Even the staid Sunday joint is served with a Halensian sauce.

Henry William Hanemann.



Mrs. Hippo: AND HOW ARE YOUR LITTLE ONES?
Mrs. Gnu: THEY HAVE ALL HAD GNUMONIA.
Mr. Hippo: BAD GNUS, VERY BAD GNUS!

the Cinema Primer

Verses by Robert E. Sherwood

Drawings by John Held, Jr.



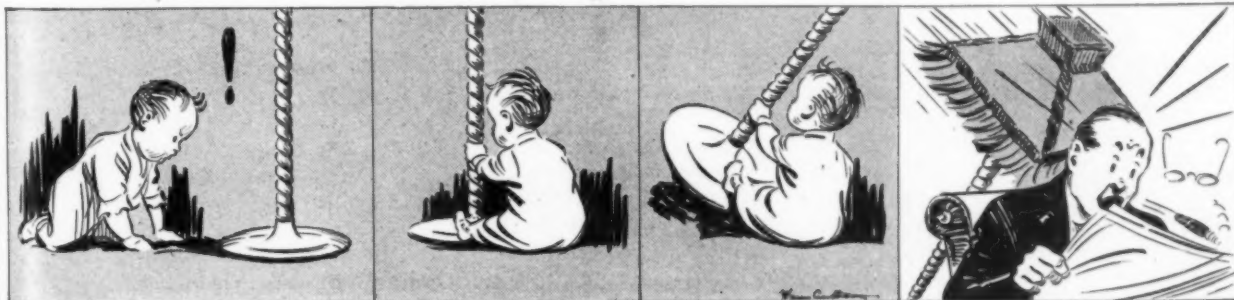
the Villain

The Vil-lain earns our Hiss, for he
Is of the Ar-i-stoc-ra-cy.
He wears Silk Hats, and Evil Leers;
He goes to Clubs, and drinks straight Beers;
He plays Rou-lette, and stays out Late—
In fact, a base Li-cen-ti-ate.
He gets the Mai-den in his power
And wrest-les with her for an Hour,
But when the He-ro heaves in view,
The blue-chinned Vil-lain gets his due.
So, if you see his Films, don't hol-ler—
They're Cell-u-loid, just like his Collar.



the Vampire

A Fool there was, and he paid his Coin
To a dark-eyed Dame, from the Ten-der-loin.
He took her out to a West Coast Town,
Dressed her up in a Form-fit Gown,
Filled her Eyes with Bel-la-Don-na,
And said, "Now, Kid, for-get your Hon-na,
For, Hence-forth, you're a scar-let Scamp—
A reg-u-lar, red-lipped, black-souled Vamp."
She signed his Con-tract, for she was Meek,
He made her Fa-mous with-in a Week;
And when I tell you his Pro-fits, you'll
A-gree that, per-haps, he wasn't a Fool.



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Advantages of Being Poor

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You're not bothered with formal callers.
You don't get a raft of begging letters.
You are not spoiled by flattery.
You don't have to live beyond your means.
You aren't kept awake by the help problem.

You never worry lest your chauffeur is joy-riding in your new car.

Finally, if you have a true friend, you are apt to find it out.—*Boston Transcript*.

A Tribute to Beauty

"I want to tell her what I think of her, but words fail me."

"Well, just tell her you hope no movie producer will ever see her, and let it go at that."
—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Commercialomania

PROFITEER: One million is the price of a gram of radium!

HIS PARTNER: And we never thought of trying to sell any!—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

Tricks of Conscience

The most prideful apologetic line in all the language is that of the young man who remarks, "Of course, I'm no saint."
—*New York Tribune*.



Plumber (to apprentice): WOT! YOU 'AVEN'T FORGOTTEN NONE O' YOUR TOOLS? YOU'LL MAKE A FINE PLUMBER, I DON'T THINK.
Reproduced from *Punch (London)* by arrangement with the proprietors.

Intelligence Test

"What is the love that passeth understanding?" asked the Old Fogey.

"The love of self," replied the Grouch.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The Best Foot Foremost

At a country dance in Alabama, when the fiddlers had resined their bows and taken their places on the platform, the floor manager rose.

"Git yo' partners fo' a cotillion," he shouted imperiously. "All yo' ladies an' gemmen dat wears shoes an' stockings take yo' places in de middle of de room. All yo' ladies an' gemmen dat wears shoes an' no stockings, take yo' places immejiately behin' dem. An' yo' bar'footed crowd, yo' jest jig it roun' in de corners."—*Everybody's*.

What Do You Expect?

When all the bombing airplanes are being used to carry mail; when all the warships, newly painted, are being used as combination museums and restaurants at shore resorts; when all the big guns have been turned into tractors; when, in fact, all the scrappers have been scrapped—then, oh! then, the chronic kicker will arise to chant the glory of the good old days when men were red-blooded and quick to resent insult or injury.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

The Cut Direct

MOTHER: Joan, darling, run and call Fido, will you?

JOAN: I don't see how I can, mummy, 'cos I aren't speakin' to Fido since he broke my doll!—*Passing Show (London)*.

"History repeats itself."

"Yes, when I was in Florida the Ponce de Leon had out a sign, 'Youth Wanted.'"
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Book Market

We like to imagine a report of doings in the book trade if written in the vein of the other market reports. Thus:

Conrads were steady and showed much vitality. Amy Lowells were queer; the market was spotty, perhaps due to an author's reading given in the city. Harold Bell Wrights fluctuated, mostly downward, due to overcapitalization. Edgar Guests, as usual, held their own. Chestertons were a glut. Leacocks were brisk. H. G. Wellses were sombre and sluggish. European securities, such as Bojer, Hamsun, etc., were gloomy and unsettled. Cabells were dull. Hergesheimers seemed uncertain, but broke strongly toward the close. Sinclair Lewises held up vigorously.—*Christopher Morley, in New York Evening Post.*

But What On!

"Our Teachers," was the subject of the toast which Mary, a popular young high school girl, was asked to give at a class banquet. Being a general favorite with both pupils and teachers she was regarded best qualified to handle the subject in a pleasing and tactful manner. Imagine their surprise when she closed with the startling peroration: "Here's to our dear teachers, long may they live, but—what on?"

—*Indianapolis News.*

Limerick of the Links

A duffer who loudly cried "Fore!"
Remarkd as he wrathfully swore,
"I've got the right grip

With the pivoting hip,
But I don't seem to get the right score."
—*New York Tribune.*

A Masculine Helen

LIFE suggests a "Handsome Man Contest," naming among the possible candidates for the prize Charlie Schwab. Which reminds us that while a colleague of ours was gazing at Charlie's picture the other day we heard him murmur abstractedly: "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

One and Inseparable

"Sages tell us that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a great problem or a beautiful woman."

"Why not choose the latter and get both?"
—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

Undisputed

"I claim that Congressmen are paid more than they're worth."

"How much are they paid?"

"I don't know."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

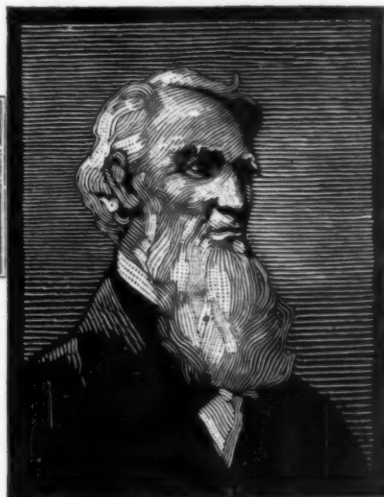
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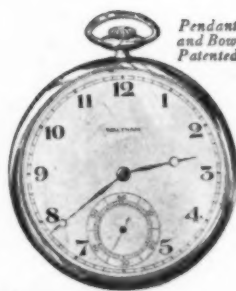
The Twelfth Part of a Human Hair
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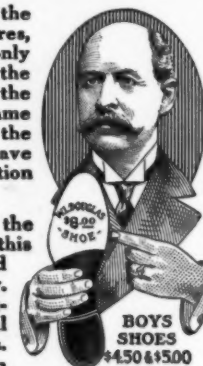
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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1921. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared George d'Utassy, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. Editor, Charles Dana Gibson. Managing editor, T. L. Masson, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. Business manager, George d'Utassy, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Estate of Andrew Miller for Nina Le Roy Miller, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.; Le Roy Miller, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.; George W. Miller, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. Trustees of the Estate of J. A. Mitchell for Mary H. Mitchell, 41 East Sixty-seventh Street, New York, N. Y.; Amelia H. Ames, 11 Highland Road, Nahant, Mass.; Anna M. Richards, 334 Marlboro Street, Boston, Mass. C. D. Gibson, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. George B. Richardson, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. George d'Utassy, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. B. F. Provandie, Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill. Edward S. Martin, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. Thomas L. Masson, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. George d'Utassy. (Signature of business manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1921. (Seal) Henry A. Richter, Notary Public, New York County No. 472, New York Register No. 2420. Commission expires March 31, 1922.

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Some men never let an opportunity slip. They make the most of every chance, as, for instance, a certain organ-grinder who once played his organ outside the house of Mascagni, the famous composer. Mascagni is often driven wild by hearing his music "murdered" on piano-organs, and on this occasion he left his house and interviewed the street musician.

He did not send him away. He merely took the handle of the instrument, turned it around faster and quickened the time.

The organ-grinder smiled his thanks. Next day he again appeared in the street. This time his organ bore a large placard, on which was inscribed:

"Pupil of Mascagni."

—Answers (London).

A Continuous Performance — F i r s t

Navy: Ye know, it's hard lines on Joe, 'im bein' so short-sighted.

Second Navy: Why? Yer don't need good eyesight for our job!

First Navy: No, but 'e can't see when the foreman ain't lookin', so he has to keep on workin' all the time.

—Royal Magazine (London).

Two of a Kind—"Why don't you get rid of that mule?" asked one Virginia ducky of another.

"Well, yo' see, Jim," replied the other, "I hates to give in. Ef I was to trade dat mule off he'd regyard it as a pussual victory. He's been tryin' fo' de last six weeks to get rid of me."—Harper's.

A Delicate Question—Mrs. Tomkins: Are you satisfied with your new cook?

Mrs. Stevens: I'm in doubt how to express myself. If I say I'm dissatisfied she'll leave me, and if I admit that she is a treasure, the neighbors will steal her.

—Answers (London).

The Epithet—Rector (giving lessons in school): There are still parts of the world where men eat each other. What do you call a man who eats another man?

Small Boy: Greedy, sir!

—London Morning Post.

Routine—He: If you'll just give me one kiss, I won't ask you for any more.

She: I've heard that request before.

He: Well, just give me your usual answer.—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

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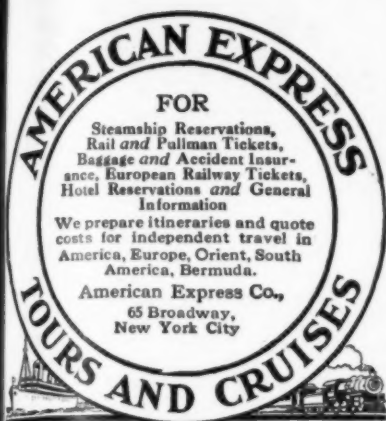
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Our Newspaper Paragraphists

Some of the Things They Are Saying

One of the funniest things is how hard a man will work and how much he will spend to get an office and then discover that he cannot live on the salary.

—*Indianapolis News.*

Hell hath no fury like the diary of a woman scorned.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A vocation is something you do for a living, an avocation something you do for a while, a vacation something you couldn't stick at very long without being dead broke and dead tired.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Germany denounces the bill as a crime against civilization. Well, there's a country that ought to know a crime against civilization when it sees one.—*New York Globe.*

Whether Newton or Einstein is right, the result is the same when Bridget drops a dish.—*Boston Transcript.*

The most successful statesman is going to be the statesman who can devise a tax nobody will be able to detect.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

If you wish to see disappointment perfectly registered watch the face of a child who tastes what she expects to be ice cream, and finds out it is charlotte russe.

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

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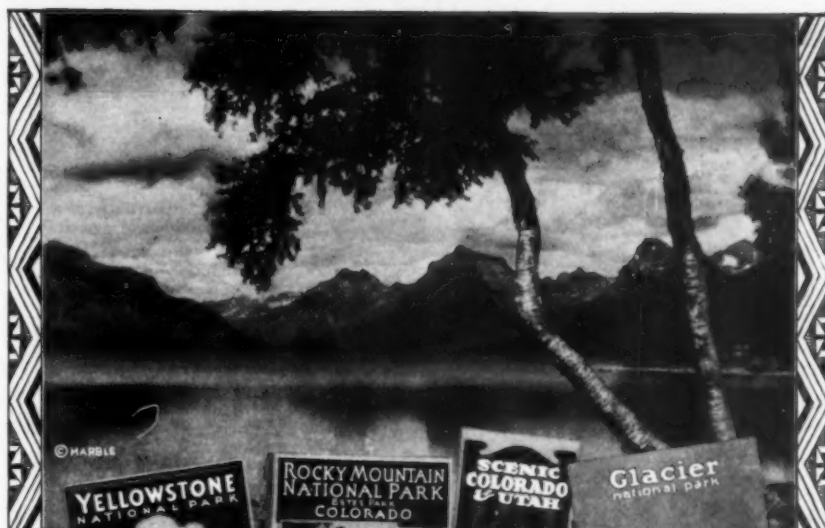
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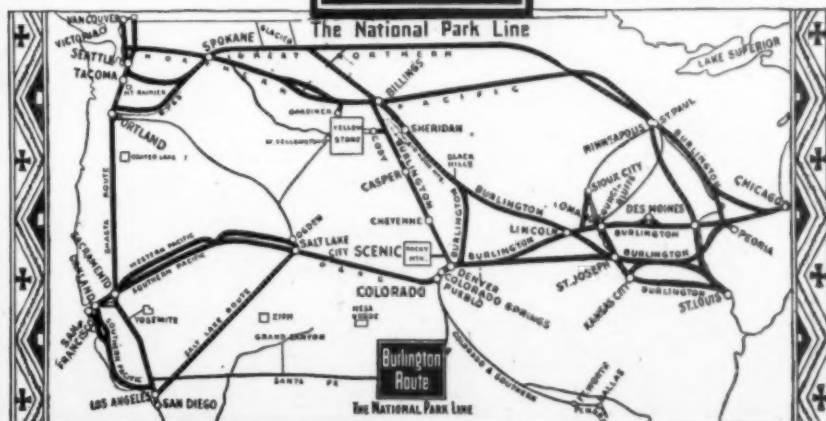
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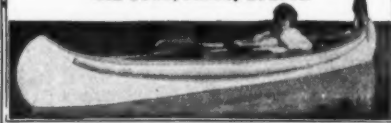
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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 540.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (Paramount).—Literal translation of the Barrie comedy into the language of the screen. It survives the test only moderately well.

THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE (Robertson-Cole).—Pauline Frederick isn't quite so emotional as usual, and consequently considerably less interesting.

BARE KNUCKLES (Fox).—William Russell as a big two-fisted he-man who knocks everybody cold, including some of the audience.

BEAU REVEL (Paramount).—Intelligent interpretation of an amusing story by Louis Joseph Vance. Well presented by Thomas H. Ince, and well acted by Florence Vidor and Lewis Stone.

THE SCOFFER (Associated Producers).—A pleasant little drama which deals with faithless wives, illicit surgeons, and other pollyannian subjects. The National Board of Censors should perform a major operation on this picture.

POOR DEAR MARGARET KIRBY (Selznick).—Elaine Hammerstein as a harassed wife who has an invalid husband and other domestic troubles. Badly acted and uninteresting.

THE BLUSHING BRIDE (Fox).—Too broad in treatment to be rated as a feature film, and not funny enough to be rated as a comedy.

SOCIETY SNOBS (Selznick).—Conway Tearle gives an excellent performance in a picture which is not worthy of his efforts.

THE UNKNOWN WIFE (Universal).—Edith Roberts is attractive to look at, but otherwise mediocre. The rest of the production isn't even attractive to look at.

IT ISN'T BEING DONE THIS SEASON (Vita-graph).—The beautiful Corinne Griffith in a starring vehicle, designed on extravagant lines, and well above the average from a pictorial point of view.

WHAT WOMEN WILL DO (Pathé).—It has Anna Q. Nilsson to recommend it, but practically nothing else.

THE PRICE OF POSSESSION (Paramount).—Inconsequential story based on an absurd hypothesis, with Ethel Clayton in the leading rôle.

SEE MY LAWYER (Robertson-Cole).—Very foolish, but quite funny.

THE LOVE SPECIAL (Paramount).—Oh, look, girls! it's another Wally Reid picture. The story isn't so good, but what do we care? I ask you.

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE (Mack Sennett).—A good two-reel comedy, spread out thin. You will do well to check your brains at the door.

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE (Universal).—Frank Mayo in a story of the great Northwest which is much better than it has any right to be.

THE DOLLAR A YEAR MAN (Paramount).—The capacious Mr. Arbuckle develops the comic possibilities in a haunted house.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"King-Queen-Joker," "The Whistle," "The Sky Pilot," "Puppets of Fate," and "Roads of Destiny."

Genuine



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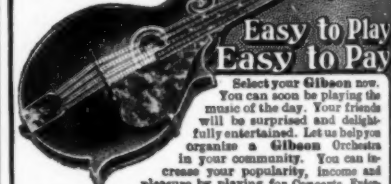
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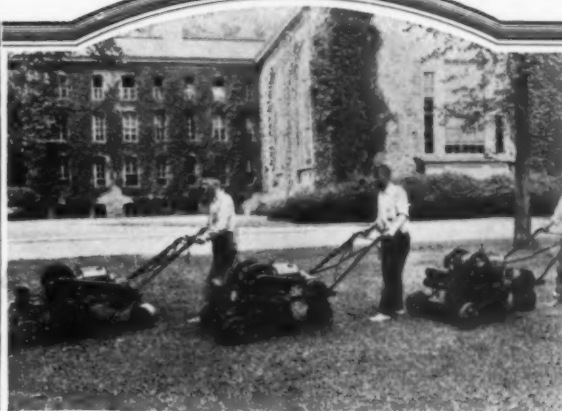
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